

CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST

"EVERY PLANT WHICH MY HEAVENLY FATHER HATH NOT PLANTED SHALL BE ROOTED UP."

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THE SPIRITUAL ELEMENT.

IN HISTORY AND CONSCIOUSNESS.

I purpose to occupy the time allotted to me, to-day, in presenting some of the spiritual elements in man—its past, its present, and its future.

Man thinks invariably according to his state, and his state is determined by his social relations, by the influence of his physical organization, and by the influence of his spiritual organization. The spiritual element is the most important of these, and it is the spiritual element which determines the state of the human mind, and the state of the human body. The spiritual element is the most important of these, and it is the spiritual element which determines the state of the human mind, and the state of the human body.

Absolutely considered, there is but one thinker in the universe—God! He is the fount of wisdom, and all our ideas are more or less the repetitions and reflections of his infinite cognitions. I attribute to God successions of ideas, because I see them. You may hearers—each man in this wide world—each Angel or Spirit in all your cosmic or heavenly hierarchies, is a thought, an idea of God, which he has clothed with visible form and projected with attributes. In a lesser degree and in a lower sense, the earth and the heavens are the thoughts of God; and so it is written, "the invisible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly visible by the things which are seen and made."

Man is, or may be, through internal harmony and elevation, conscious of two separate and eternally opposite worlds; conscious through his own faculties of the universe of finite and created things, and conscious also of the All-creative and Infinite Spirit. We see or are blind to the Infinite according to our state. If the logical faculties are exercised upon material objects alone; if the sublime powers of the moral reason are dormant; if the eye of the Spirit be closed and its ear barred, and its touch made insensible through self-love or personal pride, or sensual excess—then we may feel to see the Infinite. But if the intense ardors of devotion to love and duty and the right have quickened the consciousness; if we have begun to think and plan, not from the baneful incentives of self-love, but from the inspirations of an unbounded humanity; if, above all, we have learned the secret of that blessed life that consists in sweet and tender ministries to all our race, not as a painful labor but as a living joy—then, as the divine and everlasting life pervades and dignifies our own, God is revealed to us, and we realize that we dwell and walk with Him. As our life inclines from God and becomes immersed in the corporeal and material, we deny Nature. As our life inclines toward God, we arise above the sphere of idolatry, and worship Him. As our real essential being is purified, we think less and less from the finite, and more and more from the divine. So we begin to realize that all that we hear, see, feel, taste, touch, handle with these senses of the body, is like a veil, a garment, "of such stuff as dreams are made of." We are delivered from the bondage of the finite. We feel that Nature is finite, but God infinite; Nature ephemeral, but God eternal.

So does the gross idolatry of the natural understanding. Our faith, enlarged and purified, is centered in the Infinite. Then Nature itself is transfigured before our sight, and is made apparent to us as a fluent medium for the operations of the Divine. In star and flower, in the miracles of the seasons of the year; in the birth and resurrection; in the vast formative, reproductive and transforming movements of the universe, we perceive the silent pressure of creative power, the droppings of Divine blessing into forms and colors—into speech and action. Nature is the colliophy of God; and in the fields of earth thickly sown with stars, as in the fields of earth mantled with constellated bloom, in the galaxies of human souls gathered on earth, or in the happy skies, we see the ultimations of his benign thought, the resultant meditations of the Infinite.

Man is more than a natural being. The form may come up from earth as the result of all material operations, the rich product of the alchemy of matter; but the soul comes down from God, and here the two meet, coalesce and are transfused, and the result is personality and self-consciousness. And so sings the greatest of all philosophical poets:—

"Our births are but a sleep and a forgetting—
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar.
Not in our faintness,
And not in our forgetfulness,
But in the glory days of glory do we come
From God, who is our home."

* A Lecture delivered at the Stuyvesant Institute, New York, June 27, 1855.

Matter's last gradation is lost in the refined particles of the outer form of man. We see more, hear more, receive more, realize and enjoy more than the finite. We see, hear, feel, and realize the Infinite. Surely as the flower opens its corolla to the splendor of morning, and stands transfused in the radiance of all-pervading day, so surely the human spirit opens the corolla of intellect, puts forth the many-tinted blossoms of the affections in the enlaving luster of Deity. Surely as the natural sun gilds vale and mountain, and bathes the world in the billows of its light and heat, so surely the Infinite Personality, the Creative Spirit, from whom all things diverge, and in whom all affections have their well-spring, bathes each finite mind—the universe of finite minds—in light and heat, in the light that is wisdom, in the intense ardor that is love. For God is wisdom itself as to his intelligence, and love itself according to his infinite existence; and that love and wisdom stream forth in one continuous operation, encircling, inter-pervading and unfolding all things that are created.

There is visible to us, through outer senses, a natural light and heat. We trace it to the sun. Without it, nature is dead. Where it most abundantly falls and most harmoniously operates, the skies are brightest, the flowers are sweetest and loveliest, the fruits are richest and most abundant, and all living things, in strength and beauty, in melody of utterance and intensity of enjoyment, move forth like incarnations of its ray. That sun which warms and lights the visible creation is the natural type of Deity. What the sun is to the world, God is to the human spirit. There is a thought-light and a love-light; there is a brightness that fires the lamp of intellect and kindles the eternal flame of virtue; there is a beam that falls upon the germs of understanding and unfolds the latent powers of rationality; and I call that light the radiation of God's own intellect, and that quickening ray the fire of God's own heart. There is a finite heat and light from the sun which make visible to the senses the things of the finite; and so there is an infinite heat and light proceeding from God, which make apparent to the human Spirit the things of the infinite.

All natural forms receive and radiate the solar ray. So all Spiritual forms receive and radiate the quickening influence of Deity. I am far from asserting the cold dogmas of Pantheistic philosophy or naturalistic speculation. To me, creation is finite, God infinite—God not alone in all and through all, but over all, and before all. But God is not afar off—not a receding star, dimly visible through the telescope of history, and twinkling far and dim from the hollow gulf of vanished ages. He is the God of the Living, and the Living God! In him we live and move, and have our being, and we, according to purity of intellect, are lamps and mirrors of his infinite eternal brightness. Every human mind gives off a light of reason according to its state. We walk, if just and valiant for truth, enveiled in Spiritual lustres. We radiate a moral heat, and move as the world moves, exalting and distributing the aroral warmth of a benignant affection.

Light and darkness, heat and cold, summer and winter, are human attributes, as well as natural phenomena. The loving heart, like a glowing summer orb, is visible, endowered with the ripe fruits of disinterestedness; and all glowing forms and happy voices of serene affection adorn and fill with melody its Eden groves. But the heart frozen with self-love, is like some arctic world where death reigns in icy halls and barren solitudes of winter and despair. There is a light in true wisdom and a splendor in living virtue that outflames the zenith, and "they who are wise do shine as the firmament, and they who turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever." There is a real light that comes from God and that makes the godlike man to walk unaccompanied by a visible radiation. Were these outward and natural bodies to be torn away, were each Spirit here to lift his clay vessel and drop his dusty mantle and reveal his real face, his real form, the degrees of glory that would radiate from each immortal countenance and clothe each deathless organism, would be according to the moral transparency of each separate intellect, the justness and integrity of each individual heart.

Ye wave and blossom, O flowers! Ye shine and move, O firmamental hosts! enfolded in the brightness of the sun of nature. And ye, O spheres, revolving galaxies of Spirits, ye wave and ye blossom, and ye shine in the great light of God! Surely as there is a natural body and a Spiritual body, so surely there is a natural light for the one, and a Spiritual light for the other. All natural objects point to the sun and say, "Not mine is this light, heat, fragrance, melody that seemeth mine. The world itself, so cold and dead in its sunless regions, so warm, living, eloquent in its sunlit and happy realms, bids us own the truth that creation does not proceed from the self-developing powers of the natural and finite form. And so, the wide world over, the human Spirit, unspooled through the sophisms of a vicious external culture, seems spontaneously and reverently to own the presence and the operation of the SEX OF LIFE. Men feel, more deeply than they can ever express, that all creation is the result of the Infinite Love. Scarred and shattered as it is—scarred with sins, shattered with tribulations and iniquities—it is an orb of worshippers, this world of ours—this world of human hearts dying for love, and in the great faith of love seeking the beloved in the still realms of death.

There is therefore a two-fold brightness, a two-fold heat that irradiates and quickens the world we live in. There is first a finite influence streaming

from the sun, building up and arching over the great temple of the day, laying its beams in the clouds, and building its pavilions in the heavens and the earth, and the waters that are under the earth. And this natural heat and light is a mediatorial element, where through the Divine Love and Wisdom operate in material ultimates. More than this, there is a Spiritual light and heat that proceeds from the divine. It builds up the fabric of the Spiritual body, and shines with the light of reason in the still chambers of the brain. The will feels it, and responds to its intense activity. The heart feels it, and responds in all the many octaves of its loves to the rhythmic pulse-beats of its influence. Man dwells here with types and shadows, and these are the visible things of Nature. Man dwells here with thoughts of true wisdom and affections of eternal love, the unheard, but ever-felt and evidenced realities of God. And we live in the midst of a double process of creation. New earths and heavens are being fashioned about us forever. There is a new earth each year, a new creation of fruits and flowers, and living and moving things, beginning with spring-tide germination, and closing with autumnal fruition. There is a new heaven as well. Myriads of angelic forms are unfolded into moral and intellectual consciousness through these fleshly organisms, and then the scaffolding falls, that the temple may appear. "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made of hands." Outwardly we see the miracle of a new unfolding world, and the roses and violets, the promargates and oleanders that put forth to-day are as really the work of God as their progenitors in Eden. But in human hearts and bosoms, in the stately goings forth of reason and imagination, in the pictured memory, in the templed conscience, in the sacerdotal hall of judgment, in the love-lit chambers of affection, in the massive fortresses of integrity and honor, in the holy solitudes and silences of the moral will, in the wide realms of the perceptions, in the people's skies of the interior and immortal loves, in fine, in whatever goes to make up the personality of man, in the orderly progress and processes of a well-ordered and godly life, there is proceeding from day to day the creation of an heavenly world, a living form of goodness and of truth, that shall be filled at last "with the very fullness of God."

I have said that this two-fold work is continually going on. We see the one, we feel the other. We watch the procession of the season, and behold each year the new creation of bloom and melody. We watch, too, the moral seasons, the seasons of the immortal year, and we perceive the human form developing by degrees the rational, the Spiritual, the celestial. We see the child become the man; we see the man, purified through loving uses, become the radiant, undying angel. This two-fold work has necessarily been advancing upon our planet in the one case, since the introduction of natural, in the other since the introduction of human life. And as certainly as every floral, mineral, or animal form is a natural, so every human form is a Spiritual manifestation. All creation is the outbirth of Spirit. The flowers, birds, animals; the grassy slopes, beautiful with aroral clutches of fairest form; the golden petaled flower of the firmament; the crystal water drops of river and ocean; that vast Niagara of stars and suns pouring everlastingly into the gulfs of space, and opening into mild seas of wonder and of bliss—all these are precipitations of thought; as if God looked into the mirror of immensity, and pictured his meditations there in their own surpassing forms of glory and of joy. But while God has made Nature the finite picture and dream landscape of his meditations, he has made man the image and likeness of himself. The wonder that surpasses all others is man. He is in his harmonic and real form the very utterance and outbirth of the Infinite. Nature is poetry, but man, after God, the poet. Nature is art, but man, after God, the artist. Nature is the revolving orrery, but man, after God, the centre of its disc of suns and its periphery of stars. As man is delivered from the matrix of nature, and enters into the realities made visible through love, through the moral understanding and the illumined consciousness, he is by degrees intromitted into the world of ideas of which nature is but the reflex and the correspondence. The Infinite is the real abiding place of man. It is only as man arises into the sphere of the Infinite, that he comprehends the life that is, or that which is to come. Until man sank so low into corporeal habits and proclivities that they lost their own proper human self-consciousness, they never doubted the grand fact of intercourse between the Spirit and its kindred, free from the husks of the body, and dwelling in the happy skies.

And now, proceeding to the application of this train of remark, as bearing directly upon the mooted point of present thought, the genuineness of these phenomena which we agree to recognize as Spiritual, I observe first that all those Spiritual phenomena which the skeptics of to-day deny, are necessitated, and grow out of the Spiritual nature and relations of man. If I am asked when and where Spiritual manifestations began upon this orb, my reply is, "They are coeternal and coextensive with the human race."

The question which underlies the discussions of our time is this, "Can man, by virtue of his nature and its organs, hold communication with purely Spiritual realities and entities, unclothed with material externals?" Now the common sense of all ages has answered this question affirmatively. It has answered it affirmatively by three grand admissions—the reality of prayer, which is the intercourse of the soul with God; the genuineness of

revelation, which is the orderly form of divine truth flowing down from heaven through public mediums, set apart by Divine Providence for the end of heavenly disclosures; the truthfulness of Spiritual impressions which are produced by the direct operation of Spirits or angels, or of the Divine mind.

As concerns the method whereby the invisible and Spiritual sphere descends into communication with man, that same historical common sense of the race has admitted three distinct processes of heavenly manifestation—the inspiration of the rational faculties by means of an operation of heavenly truth—the enlargement, purification and ascension of the affectional faculties through operation of divine and celestial love—the elevation and quickening of the sensational organism by means of a divine operation, and the unfolding of a discrete degree of senses above the natural thereby.

As relates to the things revealed or made known to man through these varied yet related processes, when we come to sift the sands of history for the golden grains of ancient knowledge and opinion, we find three great degrees of apparent truth discernable, with more or less of clearness and precision. The existence, personality and attributes of God is the central point of all disclosure. Even in the wilderness of classic fable, in the labyrinth of Indian cosmogony and theosophy, in the hieroglyphic structures of Egyptian myth and allegory, we see the same great central truth, clothed in a varied language, hidden in a diversified symbolism, made known with a superior or inferior lustre of statement, according to the states of the people by whom such revelation was discerned. Through all the most ancient religions there is more or less of a divine projection and appearance, a shining forth of the Infinite Personality. The heathenism of the ancients, with all its monstrous forms of polytheistic superstition, was not an original development of the Spiritual sphere, but the distorted, fragmentary, half-remembered recollection of a past faith of the world's dim-remembered morning when God the Father was benignly visible to man, the child. Grouped around this central truth of the Divine Personality, we find that ancient Spiritual manifestations indicated the existence of universes of human Spirits, peopling the immeasurable empires of creation, inheriting into the divine attributes, and unfolding in glorious appearances of the human form. Out from the bosom of all the past, shines forth that sacred truth—the immortality of the soul. Yea, all the past is as a Jacob's ladder, and on the shining rounds of all its revelations we behold the heavenly humanity ascending and descending in blessed ministries above the slumbering humanity of earth reposing in its youthful dreams below. The third degree of Spiritualism referred to the existence of an objective Spiritual world. And mark, if you will, how wonderfully true to the clearest philosophy of our time are the dimmest even of ancient Spiritual hints and suggestions. The heavenly harmonies of past religions, the ideal realms of the beatified, are the projections and the correspondences of celestial beatitudes of love inspired within. And so the monstrous and terrific forms of outward dissonance, the Plutonian terrors, the abysmal Tartarean glooms, are the shadows, "the gorgons and chimeras dire" of lusts and depravities that pertain to perverted conditions of the understanding and the will. Heaven, as visible to ancient seers, was a lovelier and purer earth, whose landscapes unrolled in the lustre of the sun of wisdom and of love. It was a domain of floral and mineral and faunal creations, inspired in Spiritual substances, and typifying ineffable truths and infinite affections. The nations of them that were saved, walked in the light of it. And they needed no candle, neither the light of the sun, for the Lord was their everlasting light. There blossomed the trees of life beside the crystal waters. There palaces of immortal art, consecrated to the infinite and perfect beauty, arose on the dawn-lit hills and wide savannas of the day. There a beatified and glorified humanity unfolded its fraternal empires and reared its everlasting seats. There disease and discord and suffering were never known. There death was swallowed up in victory. They saw, as through a glass darkly, those ancient seers, according to their degrees of interior illumination and Spiritual harmony.

Yet, nevertheless, they walked in a light that was not of this earth, that arose in its infinite lustre in the deep and inner soul, and shone with undiminished ray when the failing senses of the outward perished. And this is the note-worthy fact about these true seers of the past—they never sought to supply the place of Deity, or to interpose themselves between the human spirit and the heavenly life. They never arrogated to themselves a monopoly of revelation. It was their life-effort to produce in all men, so far as possible, a similar condition to their own, to lead them into that heavenly harmony of disposition that should result in the illumination of consciousness from the Eternal Infinite. And clear and loud, above the discords and wailings of their times, arose and still reverberates their lofty prophecy of triumph, for they saw that all men should finally attain to the very fullness of the mediatorial condition, and earth be consecrated in all its empires to the kingdom of God in man. They sought to lead men toward the kingdom of heaven by teaching them to observe those laws upon which depends man's orderly development into the mediatorial state. Beautiful are their feet upon the mountains of the past, those harbingers of new-found paradise, for they bring good tidings and they publish peace. Great as was their mission to their own time, to us it is equally sacred. Translated from national to universal uses, their utterances, so imperfectly under-

stood by their barbaric contemporaries, are to us a fount of copious instruction, as the era that they beheld in vision approximates to fulfillment, and the heavens and the earth alike bear witness to the advent of the MEDIATORIAL AGE.

And here, in conclusion, observe how the past blooms again in the present, how the Spiritual manifestations of ages gone reappear in the phenomena of the present day. As then, so now, the Spiritual flows down through the gracious opening and regeneration of the human affections, through the purification and enlargement of the human understanding, through the exaltation of the senses into the discrete degree above the natural for the orderly perception and disclosure of the heavenly and eternal world. Mistakes occur incidental to the partial development and unbalanced condition of the organic forms. Falsities and crudities of statement doubtless are transmitted from crude and beclouded minds in the world of Spirits. Truthful inspirations are but imperfectly rendered, by reason of the incompetency of our mediatorial faculties in their germinating state. Yet, with all drawbacks, how grand is the unfolding of the higher life, how sublime are the intimations that are afforded of the celestial and eternal sphere! The heavens, once translucent to the fathers, have not become opaque and sepulchral to their latest children. The heart of man, once the vibrant harp that woke to the blessed melody of love when angel fingers swept its corded octaves, has not become the tuneless and the silent shell of an extinct and unreturning harmony. The human reason that, once, illumined by fire from heaven, grew eloquent of God and duty and eternal life, has not forgotten to break forth into inspired and solemn utterance, enkindled from the undying and beatified hosts. The senses of man, the nervous organism of the Spirit, that once responded to every touch and pressure of the Infinite in all its quivering nerves, has not become the mere servant and menial of corporal desires. Still do the senses thrill to the touch of the immortal! Still does the vision kindle to the splendors of the angelic hosts! Still does the hand respond to the hand, and the eye to eye, and face answers face, while Spirits of the loved and departed look out from the luminous veil of ether with the old familiar smile! How blooms the amaranth and the asphodel over all the icy peaks and wintry solitudes of death! How dawns the upper day upon the night of bereavement and of loss! What sudden splendors irradiate the dying bed while the departing rise, mid solemn and triumphant music, utterances of attending angels, to the glories of a visible immortality! How, too, does the human intellect once more assert its sovereignty over finite and visible things, the phenomena of the visible universe, and rise in heavenly contemplations to the sea of crystal and the rainbow-circled throne! And how does the deep heart of man, so long thrall'd and prisoned, so long tortured and despairing, during all the dark era of materialism and fatalism and self-love—how does the human heart once more feel the circulations of the Father-life, and respond in gentlest music to the pulses of the Eternal love! Thanks be to God that we have lived to see this day, while the Old Age of the Old World departs, trailing his battle-robe, dyed in blood, to the tomb of oblivion, and the New Age of the peaceful and harmonic future dawns on us here in this virgin continent, "Earth's mightiest empire, and its last!"

For the Christian Spiritualist.
THE SPIRITUALISM OF THE PAST AGES.
GENII, DEMONS, SPIRITS.
NO. VII.
OPERATION OF SPIRITS BY THE SENSE OF HEARING, OTHERS BEING PRESENT HEARING NOTHING.
Though Ludovicus Vives says, Good and Evil Spirits have actions unknown to man, as man has those unknown to brutes; so Spiritual essences may agitate the fancy by some action proper, and known only to themselves; yet we are not to impute all strange things wrought by the fancy, to the Spirits—for, Ludovicus says, some, by the mere action of the fancy, seem to have got themselves posted in a state of great happiness.

Galen tells us a person in fever heard musical instruments playing in his room, and when he had recovered, still affirmed it. So Bartolin tells of a student who, being grief-worn for the loss of a sister, said he heard cathedral music. It is said of Pythagoras and Apollonius Tyaneus, that they heard the music of the spheres. They may have heard celestial harmony—for this has happened to others besides them. Our author says a gentleman told him he never retired for contemplation but he heard music, and many others and himself also have heard it.

Delrio and Torreblanio say the hearing of persons afflicted with morbus imaginis, have their hearing become vitiated, which distemper is of two kinds, one called phrenzy, when phantasms are presented to the mind in visible species, the other, *cory cantamus*, which takes sleep from the eyes and vitiates the ears, whereby men hear ringings and sounds. Scaliger says, persons troubled with this disease sleep lightly, having their eyes open, for their minds are always intent upon images and sounds. But although there be this disease, it cannot be imputed to Pythagoras, Apollonius, and the others mentioned, for they were not troubled by want of sleep. The Pagans had a superstition that a ringing in the ears was an omen. Elian says: Pythagoras thought something divine lay under these ringings, for the sound is the voice of God or of Demons. Rhodoginus says: Socrates perceived his genius by sense, as the Platonics were persuaded of the

Etherastral body, after which way Avicenna thought angels were seen and heard by the prophets. Plutarch says: The words of Demons pass everywhere, but the sound is only heard by those who keep their minds calm. Maximus Tyrius says: Socrates' Demon seemed as it were woven in his mind. Piccolomini says he heard it with the ear of his mind, but others did not, for it was an internal representation of the voice to common sense and fancy. Cardan says it is something differing from the natural.

Mohammed being troubled with the fallen sickness, or others thought he was, and when he fell in his trances, he said an angel conversed with him and gave him certain answers with the sound of a bell in his ear.

The author says: In two Spiritual visitations which happened to him, he heard ringing from the greatest of church bells gently tolling, sometimes ringing in solemn peals, and sometimes merry round ringing, to a little hawk's bell; and for some time, when he went to bed, a Spirit would come and ring a bell in his ear, and he would hear a voice talking to him in the day as well as night, though others present heard nothing, and that hundreds of Spirits had come to him singing and ringing hand bells. So gentle strokes have been struck, as it seemed with a brass rod on a brass pan, and seemed to say, "come away, come away to me."

Angelus Rocca says: It was believed by the Pagans that the Manes were scared away by the ringing of bells, and this may be gathered from Ovid.

Spirits are said to speak in rather low, muttering voices, as persons who are ashamed or conscious of some crime are wont to do. Hermolaus Barbarus heard a voice as of a hissing Demon.

The Demon of Thespian—the eldest of the gymnosophists—speaking from the elm, saluted Apollonius with a slender voice. The Assyrians and Chaldeans said the Demons delivered their words from a basin with stridulous and low hissings, and so the author says some Spirits who conversed with him, had a "low, sunk voice," but without hoarseness; but those who came singing, had clear voices, as also those who came to him nightly.

S. B.

THE USE OF MIRACLES.
The following reflections were written and published by Rev. Adin Ballou, Editor of the Practical Christian, as introductory to some articles sent him for publication on the *infidelity* of Swedenborg.

We copy them, not only for their bearing on this question, but in the hope they may be suggestive of method, that the perfect Medium may be known from the imperfect, as there is great obscurity on this subject at present.—*Ed. Christian Spiritualist.*

"My correspondent's first communication is on the use of miracles. On that topic I will briefly say, that I agree with him in regarding miracles as useful, not only in calling public attention to a new Dispensation, but also in proving the truth of its claims to a supernatural origin. (I speak of miracles and the supernatural, not as *contra* natural, but as something from a higher natural plane than that of this mundane sphere. All causes and effects are natural on their own plane, and supernatural to beings of a lower plane.) Now I do not see how Moses, Jesus, or Swedenborg, could be in such explicit communication with the supernatural world as they claimed to be, and not have their mission attested by miracles. If they really stood on such terms of intimacy with that world, miracles would seem to have been a legitimate accompaniment of their mission. In respect to Moses and Jesus this was the case; but not in respect to Swedenborg. Why not? It is alleged to have been unnecessary. But I cannot see why. Miracles would certainly have been in keeping with the relations professedly sustained by the Seer to the Lord. They would certainly have called attention to his New Dispensation. They would certainly have been a powerful attestation to the real divinity of his mission. True, he claimed to have received and been rendered capable of communicating to the world what was excellent above all miracles. Still I cannot help thinking that more of the miraculous and less of the philosophical would have made his claims more conclusive. I must confess, however, that neither miracles alone, nor excellence of doctrine alone, nor a pre-eminently good life alone, would fully satisfy me that the professed mediator of a New Religious Dispensation was all that Moses, or Jesus, or Swedenborg respectively claimed to be. But the concurrence of all three, miracles, excellence of doctrine, and purity of life, would be conclusive. This threshold is not easily broken. There are sometimes miracles, or things very like them, in connection with false Religions and corrupt men. Beautiful and glorious doctrines are sometimes announced, which their own propounders and acknowledged disciples never seriously think of reducing to practice. They belong only to rhetoric and oratory. So there have been sincere, well meaning and highly moral persons devotedly attached to all the Religions and Philosophies of our world, not excepting the worst, the wildest and most absurd. But when, as in the case of Jesus, we have the consistent concurrence of the sublimest miracles, the sublimest doctrines, and the sublimest life, the confession is all but irresistible—"Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God."

Man may think God favors some and does not favor others of his kind, but a fallible measure cannot measure infallibility.

All men have felt that God loveth them. They may call him by whatever name they please, or may be even so ignorant as not to call upon any name representing him, still there is that within every human being, which ever aspires upward, and every child of God hath affinity for God as his comprehension can measure Perfection.—*Healing of the Nations.*

SPIRITUAL DEVELOPMENTS.
The unfolding of the Spiritual element in man through all ages and in all nations, is now so generally acknowledged as an Anthropological fact, that even the modern Atheistic and Philanthropic schools attempt the scientific and philosophic explanation of its development. On the commonest recognition, therefore, of philosophic consistency in reasoning, and harmonic unity in nature, the unfolding of some new phase of this element might be expected where progression is the accredited order of Nature and the constitutional tendency of man.

In sight of these convictions, we are somewhat unable to comprehend the value of those criticisms, which sneeringly point to the past, as if the very association of a historic antecedent was prejudicial, if not fatal to the argument of the Spiritual reasoner. This is the more difficult since another, and by far the larger class of critics, make it a first principle in all their reasoning, to speak and write of the *naturalness* of the phenomena, but what it may, as if nature had either in part or as a whole revealed herself in "naked loveliness" to their sagacious understandings, thus authorizing them to pronounce judgment for all coming time. Fortunately, however, the Almighty Mind still holds the "balance and the rod" for all such, since in the divine order of Nature's unfolding, we see little attention paid to the conclusions of the schools or the sneer of the critic. Between the conflicts of opinion resultant from the antagonisms of schools, the calm and thoughtful mind will look to and for the divine manifestations of God's order in nature, for the majority of men agree in the belief that "day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night addeth knowledge" in every department of her economy.

The critics and opposers of Spiritualism, however, manifest great glee, because in their *raison d'être* they think if manifestations are found in China or some other place, therefore the whole thing is but the revival of an old superstition, trick, or whatever they may be pleased in their wisdom and charity to name the phenomena.
But good sense would say, inasmuch as it has thus existed, and manifests a common type in every age and nation, therefore, instead of its being a superstition or humbug, it is, because it must be, from the very nature of its characteristics a natural phenomena. At least, this is the rational of most scientific conclusions, and philosophy is made authoritative and positive by thus translating the exhibitions of Nature.

Universality is therefore the great characteristic of all natural phenomena, since truth is ever consistent with itself, and Nature knows no exceptions. Very much might be said on this point, but the present occasion only requires that we remind the reader, that the exhibition of the Spiritual phenomena in other countries, either in this or in past ages, only goes to confirm the thinker in the propriety and wisdom of the conclusion that makes Spiritualism a part of Nature, since its developments marries with the history of the past while manifesting the wonders of the present. Nor need this surprise any, when they understand that the philosophy of Nature, is but the true knowledge of *relations and conditions*, that enter into and makes fact—fact, and phenomena—phenomena, to the end of Nature's unfolding.

Thus, we see the presence of a medium in a place or circle where honesty and kindness are characteristic of those attending, the phenomena appears, and Spirit-intercourse becomes henceforth a fact in the history of the race.

THE WORLD'S CONVENTION.

The reader will remember, Robert Owen some months since, called a "World's Convention," to be convened in St. Martin's Hall, London, on the 14th May. The purpose of the Convention seems to have been the inauguration of "the communication of the millennium" by Robert Owen, which in plainer language, means the reading of Robert Owen's views on the present and prospective state of society to those who might be present on that occasion. We say seems, for now that the "Report of the Great Convention of the Delegates of the Human Race" is before us, we cannot discover that anything was done beyond the reading of Robert Owen's manuscript, and some remarks by Mr. Atkins and Mr. Pemberton.

The address of Mr. Owen is a repetition and amplification of views long since advocated by him in this country, and for a time practiced in the New Lanark community in England, and others in this country.

That good will spring from the Convention, we do not doubt, for the very nature of the meeting was too significant, and the spirit of those attending too earnest and harmonious, to pass without effect in a country where poverty in one form or another, seems to be the birth-right, and crime the occupation of over one half of its inhabitants.—The assumptions of Mr. Owen may convince few, of his ability to outline a better or more harmonious Society than the one he lives in, but the life he has lived, is "England's glory and shame," for if she can pride herself on having reared a man of such generous and philanthropic feelings as Robert Owen, she must feel humiliated, when she remembers the *depravity and degradation* that requires the presence and necessitates the exertions of such men.

Let us hope, therefore, that the spirit of this meeting may inspire others, and call into being Conventions of a more practical character, to make such provisions for the daily needs of Society, as the issues of life make necessary, for the belief is deep and positive with many in this country as well as in Europe, that a change must come to the *drains* of royalty and the practices of aristocracy, without time is to move backward, and the humanitarian spirit of the age to pass away with the actors that called it into being.

Mr. Owen, at the close of the meeting, stated "that several talented delegates were present from America and other countries; and that they would address the public on a future occasion."

The following extract from the "report" will outline the spirit and character of the Convention:—

The Convention met at noon, May 11th, 1855. There was a very large attendance of persons from various countries, and every available portion of space was occupied by many hundreds being unable to obtain admittance for want of space. The passages out of sight of the platform were crowded. The Convention was attended by a considerable number of ladies, who took the greatest interest in the proceedings.

Shortly after twelve o'clock, Mr. Owen came upon the platform, attended by several friends; many delegates were present.
As soon as Mr. Owen rose to address the assembled multitude, he was warmly greeted with rounds of acclamation and applause. He seemed in very excellent health, notwithstanding his great age—that being his 50th birthday.

THE BIBLE AND ITS ADVOCATES.

There are many things, that give the gift of speech, that would exclaim with Shakspeare's character, "save me from my friends," for an unwise and injudicious friend is often more injurious and prejudicial than an open and an avowed enemy. Were the history of Christendom destitute of instances to illustrate this truth, the manifestation of sectarian rancor, that associates Spiritualism with Infidelity, and Spirit-intercourse and communion with *denomism*, would fully sustain the truth of the above assumption, since it is a conclusion worthy of all acceptance, that "a house divided against itself can not stand." That Spiritualism is the friend of the Bible, is with those who know the *genius* of the one, and the meaning of the other, now-a-days, a common place *truism*, still, it seems we must reiterate the statement from time to time to save ourselves from misconception and abuse. No doubt, there are those of the Spiritual family not over lavish of praise or veneration for the Church or the Bible, but if those are not the exceptional phases of the great unfolding of Spiritual life now going on, they form at least but a small minority of the whole.

This opposition, however, may be the natural consequence of ignorance on the part of the SPIRIT RAPPER as well as the Bible believer, for as long as *credulity* is characteristic of either, so long will extremes be natural, and dogmatism and abuse fashionable. So long as either party wish to think themselves wise and consistent, instead of learners and truth-seekers, just so long will the Bible be a disputed territory, and truth a *martyr*. We hope, however, that ere long, the religious culture of the age will be consistent with the great humanitarian efforts of the nineteenth century, and manifest its native good sense in acknowledging that there may be more *wonders and truths* in the Bible than is dreamed of in the churchman's philosophy.—We know this must be true of the external man, who neither read, study, nor think of the meaning, teachings, or philosophy of the Bible, and think it *highly probable* of many in the church, and not a few in our fashionable pulpits. How Spiritualism harmonizes with the Bible is significantly set forth in the following extract from the *Spirit Advocate*.

"Spiritualism does not invalidate a single truth recorded in the Bible. It teaches men to reverence the God of the Bible: the God of truth of right of love, and throws light upon many dark passages; harmonizes many apparently contradictory ones; and separates the divine impressions upon the pages from the human ignorance and passion, that often cloud that impress under cruel enactments and revolting imprecations. It shows that those portions of the Bible that have the stamp of Divine revelation, neither contradict each other, nor invalidate a single item of modern Spirit-teaching. It makes the Spirit of Jesus the standard by which to judge all the teachings of prophets and law-givers of preceding creeds. The Bible is a record of Spiritual communications made through departed human Spirits, and no man who has ever critically examined it, will deny this statement. Human Spirits called angels, appeared to Abraham, with whom they talked, walked and ate; to Lot, Jacob, to Joseph, to Moses, David, Daniel and John, and they still hold intercourse with those in mortal form."

ROBERT OWEN'S TESTIMONY.

Good sense and practical men have ever attached much importance to the voluntary concession of an opponent, since no possible motive can be conceived of, as likely to prompt the admission, but the *power of truth*. This phase of human character, though it does not prove the many and diversified manifestations of Spiritualism, must go far with the candid reasoner as presumptive evidence in its favor, since thousands of men and women now bear testimony for Spiritualism, who, prior to their conversion, were not only opponents of this phase of Spirit life, but *Skeptics*, without "God or hope in the world."

Of this class was Robert Owen. The opinions he advocated in this country are generally known to be infidel, for he was as candid and honest in his ignorance of the joys, as he was free to criticize the religious philosophies of the times. What his present views of Spiritualism, may be gathered from the following, which we clip from the N. E. Spiritualist:

"D. D. HUME IN ENGLAND.—Through the kindness of Mr. Hayden, we have received a copy of No. 3 of the *Yorkshire Spiritual Telegraph*, published at Keighley, Eng. In it we find an account from Robert Owen of an interview with Mr. Hume, shortly after his arrival in that country. The following extract describes the most important manifestations which occurred at that time:

"Then the Spirits came and touched each of us. I was occasionally touched on one knee, then on the other, and afterwards on both at once; and then one of them shook hands with me, and I most distinctly felt the fingers of them separately. An accord was then placed under the table, and soon the Spirit of the daughter of the family played most beautifully several tunes and pieces of music. I asked for one of my favorite Scotch tunes, and it was immediately played. The instrument was then raised by invisible power, and given first to one, then to another; it was thus brought to me. The table was then lifted from the floor; at first about a foot, and immediately afterwards about three feet."

"After this the medium was put into a trance, during which he saw beautiful visions of Spirits, and one of them spoke through him, while in that state, sentiments that went to the heart of each of us, giving us advice, invaluable in its import, and in language beautifully and eloquently expressed, and calculated to make the deepest impression on our memories. While reason remains, I shall never forget it; and it was given with many encouraging words, to pursue my course in the measures in which I am engaged, to endeavor to introduce the millennium, but also stating the obstacles I should meet, and the great difficulties which were to be overcome."

Much more occurred, very interesting, but the post time expires.
Yours sincerely,
ROBERT OWEN."

IS WASHINGTON IRVING A SPIRITUALIST?

This question came to us, after reading some extracts from the writings of this gifted man, which we found in a little work we have been publishing on the fourth page of this paper, ("Dream Land and Gold Land,") and we now present them to our readers, that others may share with us the pleasure and surprise, which we think most will experience when they have read them *two or three times*.

These extracts were penned many years ago, and what then to Washington Irving was a sentiment and a reflection, is now a *fact* and a blissful consciousness in the lives of millions. He no doubt, was thinking of the "Communion of Saints," as taught and believed by the Catholic Church, since he speaks of it as a "*superstition*," but time and the revelations from the inner and Spiritual worlds prove that he was superficial in allowing the *form* to come between him and the angel truth that lived within so beautiful a sentiment. If any of our readers should know Washington Irving, will they learn, if possible, if he still considers *Spirit Communion and Meditation* superstitions, and let us know, for we should like to know what effect, the revelations of the age has had on a mind so fruitful in conceptions as his.

SINGULAR MANIFESTATIONS.

A "haunted house" is, no new thing under the sun or in history—so we have little to marvel at beyond the *fact*, that a thing so long known should be so little understood. We may expect, however, as this development has some peculiarities, that some one may be bold enough to attempt an investigation. It may be a veritable Spirit manifestation, but the circumstantial statement of a reliable witness would be desirable before passing an opinion on the following:—

HANDED HOUSE IN NEWPORT.—MAN KILLED BY SPIRITS.—MRS. DODGE. We are informed that this institution of venerable and ghostly and deadly associations is situated on Madison street, near the Second street bridge, and that it was recently occupied by a family named Park. There has been much sickness in the house, and very often in the middle of the night, strange noises have been heard—sounds similar to those made by striking violently with the hand against the walls, and heavy blows on the floor, while the furniture has had queer habits of uneasiness, jumping and tumbling about in a marvellous manner. Several families have been frightened out of the place by the noises, and the premises were sold at a low price, and he died instantly. His frightened family, believing that he had been killed by "Spirits," kept his death concealed, buried him as privately as possible, without the knowledge of the County, and then fled to parts unknown. Only two or three persons outside of the family saw the corpse. One of these was an old pedlar woman, through whom this story indirectly comes. There is no doubt of the *truth* of the case, but that it is not accounted for by the fact that it was built where a foul swamp had been, and that a swampy, pestilential spot is now just beneath the place. There is no mistake about Park's death; and that a man should break his neck in falling, and that a man should be killed by "Spirits," kept his death concealed, buried him as privately as possible, without the knowledge of the County, and then fled to parts unknown. Only two or three persons outside of the family saw the corpse. One of these was an old pedlar woman, through whom this story indirectly comes. There is no doubt of the *truth* of the case, but that it is not accounted for by the fact that it was built where a foul swamp had been, and that a swampy, pestilential spot is now just beneath the place. 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dant I was lifted by the angel, and my death-in-life was o'er. very little moral tendency, except as they contri- cipated.

CONTENTMENT.

BY M. H. COBB.

Blest is the man of small desires,
With whose heart the least content;
Who to no greater thing aspires
Than Heaven hath lent.

Three happy he whose life is not
By fierce ambition's fire consumed;
Nath Heaven's smile to cheer his lot,
Sweet flowers have bloomed.

I saw a man who, on Time's score
Had not yet reckoned thirty years;
And yet full three had lived them o'er,
In borrowed days.

His frame was bony, gaunt and bent;
His limbs were weak—his eyes were dim;
Earth's glorious seasons came and went,
But not for him.

Yet Heaven had lent him well at first,
With mind, and place, and ample store;
But still his heart in secret nursed
A wish for more.

He could not rest on middle step,
While others held a higher seat;
So envy to his heart's core crept,
To gnaw and eat.

Though fortune smiled along his way,
And home was eloquent with bliss;
He never knelt aside to say,
"Thank God for this!"

I saw a man of eighty years,
Upon whose brow was lightly graved
The record of the cares and fears
Which he had braved.

His step was buoyant, and his eye
Was hopeful as the eye of Youth;
His cheerful smile seemed to defy
Care's ruthless tooth.

"Father," I cried, "thou'st full of years,
"Thy brow is smooth, thy smile is glad;
"A pilgrim through a vale of tears,
"Yet never sad."

"Pray, tell me how thou'st passed through
"So countless—earth's continual strife;
"At what sweet spring thou'st drunk
"Thy waning life."

"The tale is short," said he, "I think not
"Life's sweets were mine, unmixed with gall;
"But I, contented with my lot,
"THANKED GOD FOR ALL!"

[From Dream Land and Ghost Land.]

THE UNVEILING OF THE LIFE TO COME.

The reflections of Washington Irving are so beautiful—as so worthy to be borne in mind by those to whom such meditations are a source of chastened pleasures, and holy delight, that we will venture to present them here to our reader.

"I am now alone in my chamber. The family have long since retired. I have heard their steps die away, and the doors clasp to after them. The murmur of voices and the peal of remote laughter no longer reach the ear. The clock from the church, in which so many of the former inhabitants of this house lie buried, has chimed the awful hour of midnight.

"I have sat by the window, and mused upon the dusky landscape, watching the lights disappearing one by one from the distant village; and the moon, rising in her silent majesty, and leading up all the silver pomp of heaven. As I have gazed upon these quiet groves and shadowy lawns, silvered over and imperfectly lighted streaks of dewy moonshine, my mind has been crowded by 'thick coming fancies' concerning those Spiritual beings which

Walk the earth.
Unseen loom when we wake and when we sleep.

"Are there, indeed, such beings? Is this space between us and the Deity filled up by innumerable orders of Spiritual beings forming the same gradations between the human soul and Divine perfection, that we see prevailing from humanity down to the meanest insect? It is a sublime and beautiful doctrine inculcated by the early fathers, that there are guardian angels appointed to watch over cities and nations, to take care of good men, and to guard and guide the steps of helpless infancy. Even the doctrine of departed Spirits returning to visit the scenes and beings which were dear to them during the bodies' existence, though it has been debased by the absurd superstitions of the vulgar, in itself is awfully solemn and sublime.

"However lightly it may be ridiculed, yet, the attention involuntarily yielded to it whenever it is the subject of serious discussion, and its prevalence in all ages and countries, even among newly-discovered nations that have had no previous interchange of thought with other parts of the world, prove it to be one of those mysterious and instinctive beliefs, to which, if left to ourselves, we should naturally incline.

"In spite of all the pride of reason and philosophy, a vague doubt will still lurk in the mind, and perhaps will never be eradicated, as it is a matter that does not admit of positive demonstration. Who yet has been able to comprehend and describe the nature of the soul; its mysterious connection with the body; or in what part of the frame it is situated? We know merely that it does exist; but whence it came, and whence it entered into us, and how it is retained, and where it is seated, and how it operates, all are matters of mere speculation and contradictory theories. If then, we are ignorant of this Spiritual essence, even while it forms a part of ourselves, and is continually present to our consciousness, how can we pretend to ascertain or deny its powers and operations, when released from its fleshy prison-house?

"Every thing connected with our Spiritual nature is full of doubt and difficulty. 'We are fearfully and wonderfully made,' we are surrounded by mysteries, and we are mysteries even to ourselves. It is more the manner in which this superstition has been degraded, than its intrinsic absurdity, that has brought it into contempt. Raise it above the frivolous purposes to which it has been applied, strip it of the gloom and horror with which it has been enveloped, and there is none, in the whole circle of visionary creeds, that could more delightfully elevate the imagination, or more tenderly affect the heart. It would become a sovereign comfort at the bed of death, soothing the bitter tear wrung from us by the agony of mortal separation.

"What could be more consoling than the idea that the souls of those we once loved were permitted to return and watch over our welfare—that affectionate and guardian Spirits sat by our pillows when we slept, keeping a vigil over our most helpless hours—that beauty and innocence, which had languished into the tomb, yet smiled unseen around us, revealing themselves in those blest dreams wherein we live over again the hours of past endeavours! A belief of this kind would, I should think, be a new incentive to virtue, rendering us circumspect, even in our most secret moments, from the idea that those we once loved and honored were invisible witnesses of all our actions.

"It would take away, too, from that loneliness and desolation which we are apt to feel more and more as we get on in our pilgrimage through the wilderness of this world, and that those who set forward with us lovingly and cheerily on the journey, have one by one dropped away from our side. Place the superstition in this light, and I confess I should like to be a believer in it. I see nothing in it that is incompatible with the tender and merciful nature of our religion, or revolting to the wishes and affections of the heart.

"There are departed beings that I have loved as

I never again shall love in this world; that have loved me as I never again shall be loved. If such beings do not retain in their blessed spheres the attachments which they felt on earth; if they take an interest in the poor concerns of transient mortality, and are permitted to hold communion with those whom they loved on earth, I feel as if now, at this deep hour of night, in this silence and solitude, I could receive their visitation with the most solemn but unalloyed delight.

"In truth, such visitations would be too happy for this world; they would take away from the bounds and barriers that hem us in, and keep us from each other. Our existence is doomed to be made up of transient embraces and long separations. The most intimate friendship—of what brief and scattered portions of time does it consist! We take each other by the hand, and we exchange a few words and looks of kindness, and then days, months, years intervene, and we have no intercourse with each other. Or if we dwell together for a season, the grave soon closes its gates, and cuts off all further communion; and our Spirits must remain in separation and widowhood, until they meet again in that more perfect state of being, where soul shall dwell with soul, and there shall be no such thing as death, or absence, or any other interruption of our union."

In the fellowship with these sweet modulations are the lines of Leigh Hunt:—

How sweet it were, if without feeble fright,
Or dreading of the dreadful beautiful sight;
An angel came to us, and we could bear
To see him issue from the silent air.
At evening in our room, and bend on ours
His divine eyes, and bring us from his bowers
News of dear friends, and children who have never
Been dead indeed—as we shall know for ever.
Alas! we think not what we daily see
About our hearths—Angels that are to be;
Or may be if they will, and we prepare,
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air.
A child, a friend, a wife, whose soft heart sings
In union with ours, breeding its future wings
About our hearths—Angels that are to be;
Or may be if they will, and we prepare,
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air.

Extracts like these, scattered humorously as flowers over our literature, assure us of the deeply wrought belief of man in the reality of a Spiritual world around him. He has been loth to give it up, and had poets, whose instincts have ever been so true—and true in proportion, as they kept themselves pure—the poets would not give up the faith; they held it fast and firm, while others could not but linger over the idea of the Spirit world, and feel the reflex of some of its glories, even through the casements of their skeptic cell, they dimly perceive the truth they could not feel; they faintly apprehend what they could not describe, and went wandering about, mourning over the dead-pan of their souls.

We gave you fair notice, in the very beginning, that this would be a mere book of quotations; it has been so, with but a few words of our own interlarded between. But we will yet employ one other quotation, and our last; it may be the finest passage in our volume—it is from the pen of Thomas Carlyle.

"Again, could any thing be more miraculous than an actual authentic ghost? The English Johnson longed all his life to see one, but could not; though he went to Cock-Lane, and thence to the church vaults and supped on coffins. Foolish Doctor! Did he never, with the mind's eye as well as with the body's, look round into that full side of human life he so loved? Did he never so much as look into himself. The good Doctor was a ghost, as actual as heart could wish: well nigh a million of ghosts were travelling the streets by his side. Once more, I say, sweep away the illusion of time; compress the threescore years into three minutes: what else was he? what else are we? Are we not Spirits shaped into a body—into an appearance—and that fade away again into air and invisibility? This is no metaphor; it is a simple scientific fact. We start out of nothingness, take figure, and are apparitions; around us, as around the veriest spectre, is eternity; and to eternity, minutes are as years and *æons*. Come there not tones of soul and faith, as from celestial harp strings, like the song of beautiful souls? And again, do we not squeak and gibber (in our discordant screech-owlish debating and recriminations;) and glide bodiless, and feeble, and fearful; or uproar, pottering, and revel, in our mad Dance of the Dead, till the scent of the morning air summons us to our still home; and Drizzly Night becomes awake and Day? Where now is Alexander of Macedon? does the steel host, that yelled in fierce battle shouts at Issus and Arbella, remain behind him; or have they all vanished utterly, even as perturbed goblins must? Napoleon, too, and his Moscow retreats and Austerlitz campaigns! Was it all other than the veriest spectre hunt; which has now, with its howling tumult that made night hideous, hastened away? Ghosts! There are nigh a thousand million walking the earth openly at noontide; some half hundred have vanished from it—some half hundred have arisen in it, ere the watch ticks once.

"Oh, Heaven! it is mysterious—it is awful to consider that we not only carry a future ghost within him; but are in very deed ghosts! These limbs, whence had we them, this stormy force—this life-blood, with its burning passion? They are dust and shadow—a shadow system gathered around our *me*—wherein, through some moments or years, the Divine grace is to be revealed in the flesh. That warrior, on his strong war-horse, gives flashes through his eyes; force dwells in his arm and heart; but warrior and war-horse are a vision—nothing more. Stately they tread the earth, as if it were a firm substance! Fool! the earth is but a film: it cracks in twain, and warrior and war-horse sink below plummet's sounding! Plummet's Phantom, herself, will not follow them. A little while ago, and they were ashes; a little while, and they are not: their very ashes are not!

"So has it been from the beginning, so will it be to the end. Generation after generation takes to itself the form of a body, and forth issuing from Cimmarian night, on Heaven's mission appears. What force and fire is in each he expends; one grinding in the mill of industry; one, hunter-like, climbing the giddy Alpine heights of science; one madly dashed in pieces on the rocks of strife, in war with his fellows; and then the Heaven saint is recalled, his earthly vesture falls away, and soon even to sense becomes a famished shadow. Thus, like some wild-flaming, thundering train of Heave's artillery, does this mysterious Mankind thunder and flame in long drawn, quick succeeding grandeur through the unknown deep. Thus, like a God created fire breathing spirit host, we emerge from the Inane, haste stormfully across the astonished earth; then plunge again into the Inane. Earth's mountains are levelled, and her seas filled up in our passage. Can the earth, which is but dead and a vision, resist Spirits which have reality and are alive? On the hardest adamant some foot-prints of us is stamped in; the last rear of the host will read traces of the earliest van. But whence? oh Heaven, whither? Sense knows not, faith knows not, only that it is through mystery to mystery, from God and to God.

"We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is but a sleep."

THE DIGNITY OF LABOR AND THE MISSION OF WORK.

Much has been said and written on the above subject, but we question if ever it has been more forcibly or significantly presented than in the following extract of Carlyle's.

We quote it as we find it in a lecture on LABOR and SLAVERY by Horace Greeley. The subject of Slavery may have got to be a vexed question with many, but we think few, if any, can object to its discussion, when treated of in a broad, philosophic, and religious manner. That there is much of Slavery in all the relations of life, is a very common observation, and it serves too often to blind the minds of the less sensitive to the more painful phases of servitude, be it in the kitchen or on the plantation. The view of the subject here presented, however, makes it a marked sin in any and all persons, who imagine *ease and luxury*, the all and in all of life, since every effort that is made to tax another with *labor and duty* not his own, in the end proves to be a conspiracy against the peace and happiness of such mistaken and misguided persons. We hope the reflections may prove home truths therefore, for home consumption.—*Ed. Christ. Sci.*

"Our primitive conceptions of integrity are derived from Work. As a problem is sometimes to be proved or tested, so probity is character that has been subjected to the ordeal and has stood the test—in other words, is Integrity *proved*. All the processes of Industry, all the operations of Nature, imply honesty and truth. If any man ever made bass-wood seeds, he certainly made them to sell, not to plant; and no knave ever imagined that he could hockwork or dupe Nature by the semblance of service without the reality. The plowman is always honest toward her, for he holds his livelihood by the tenor of such fidelity; it is only when he ceases to be a producer and appears in the radically different attitude of a trader, or vender of his products, that he is tempted to be a knave. All Nature's processes are hearty, earnest, thorough; and Man, if he would aid, direct, or profit, by her evolutions, must approach her with frank sincerity. Hence I hold that no man ever really loved Work and was content to live by it who was not essentially honest and upright, and did not tend to become day by day more manly and humane.

CARLYLE, in his "Past and Present," thus forcibly says—or sings—of Labor:

"For there is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in Work. Were he never so benighted forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works; in idleness alone there is perpetual despair. Work, never so Mammonish, mean, as in communication with Nature; the real desire to get work done will itself lead one more and more to Truth; to Nature's appointments and regulations, which are Truth."

"The latest Gospel in this world is, 'Know thy work and do it.' 'Know thyself'—long enough has that poor 'self' of thine tormented thee; thou wilt never get to 'know' it, I believe! Think it not thy business, this of knowing thyself; thou art an unknown individual; know what thou canst work at, and work at it like a Hercules! That will be thy better plan."

"It has been written, 'An endless significance lies in Work'; a man perfects himself by working. Foul jungles are cleared away; fair seed-fields rise instead, and stately cities; and, withal, the man himself first ceases to be jungle, and foul, and unwholesome desert thereby. Consider how, even in the meanest sort of Labor, the whole soul of the man is composed into a kind of real harmony, the instant he sets himself to work! Doubt, Desire, Sorrow, Remorse, Indignation, Despair itself—all these like hell-dogs, the beleaguering the soul of the poor day-worker, as of every man; but he bouds himself, with free valor, against his task, and all these are stilled, all these shrink murmuring far off into their caves. The man is now a man. The blessed glow of Labor in him—is it not as purifying fire, wherein all poison is burnt up, and of our smoke itself there is made bright, blessed flame!"

"Destiny, on the whole, has no other way of cultivating us. A formless Chaos, once set *revolving*, grows round and ever rounder; ranges itself, by mere force of gravity, into strata, spheres, compacted worlds. What would become the soul of Earth, did she cease to revolve? In the poor old Earth, so long as she revolves, all inequalities, irregularities, disperse themselves; all irregularities are necessarily becoming regular. Hast thou looked on the potter's wheel—one of the venerable objects; old as the Prophet Ezekiel, and far older? Rude lumps of clay—how they spin themselves up, by mere quick whirling, into beautiful, circular dishes! And fancy the most assiduous potter, but without his wheel, reduced to make dishes, or rather amorphous botches, by mere kneading and baking! Earth, such a potter, is Destiny, with a humus soil that would rest, and lie at ease, that would not work and spin! Of an idle, unrevolving man, the kindest Destiny, like the most assiduous potter without wheel, can bake and knead nothing other than a botch; let her spend on him what expensive coloring, what gilding and enameling she will, he is a botch. Not a dish; no, a bulging, kneaded, crooked, shambling, squint-cornered, amorphous botch, a mere enameled vessel of dishonor! Let the idle think of this."

"Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life-purpose; he has found it, and will follow it! How, as a free-flowing channel, dug and torn by noble force, through the sour mud-swamp of one's existence, like an ever-deepening river there, it runs and flows;—draining off the sour, festering water, gradually, from the root of the remotest grass-blade;—making, instead of pestilential swamp, a green, fruitful meadow, with its clear-flowing stream. How blessed for the meadow itself, let the stream and its value be great or small! Labor is Life; from the inmost heart of the Worker rises the great desire, Force, the sacred desire, Life essence breathed into him by Almighty God; from his inmost heart awakens him to all nobleness—to all knowledge, 'self-knowledge,' and much else, so soon as work fits begin. The knowledge that will hold good in *working*, cleave thou to that; for Nature herself accredits that, says Yea to that—Properly thou hast no other knowledge but what thou hast got by working; the rest is yet all a hypothesis of knowledge; a thing to be argued of in schools; a thing floating in the clouds, in endless logical-vortices, till we try it, and fix it. 'Doubt, of whatever kind, 'can be ended by Action alone.' "Work is of a religious nature;—work is of a *divine* nature; which it is the aim of all religion to be. All work of man is as the swimmers; a waste ocean threatens to devour him; if he front it not bravely, it will keep its word. By incessant, wise defiance of it, lusty rebuke and buffet of it, behold how it loyally supports him, bears him as its conqueror along. 'It is so,' says Goethe, 'with all things that Man undertakes in this world.'"

And this shall suggest to us the mighty Epic in which Labor is now writing its own praise on the face of the Earth. This very hour, the lumbermen of the Ottawa are driving the first approaches of persistent civilization to a point nearer the Pole than was ever before attained on this Eastern slope of our Continent. Among the pines of the Aroostook, the Saginaw, the Wisconsin, the Minnesota, the axes of the woodmen are hewing out the timbers of many a stately edifice which a coming summer shall see rise among the shrines of Traffic, by the far shores of the Atlantic Ocean. To-day, for the first time since the Flood, is the sun let in upon spot after spot in the great Western wilderness, on which a rude cabin shall emerge from amid smoke and stumps next summer—a warm hearth-stone within, and sturdy, fair-haired children playing around it. Pass a few years more,

and that little dot of blackened clearing will have gradually eaten away the encircling woods and given a hand to the never adjacent clearings on either side; and soon commodious dwellings, fair villages, the hum of steady, prosperous industry, and all the manifestations of civilized life will have supplanted the howl of the wolf and all the sullen influences of perpetual shade. Around no Silistria or Sevastopol, in no Crimea or Dobroja, is the Drama of Man's Life-Struggle being enacted, but in the freshly-trodden wilds of Iowa and Minnesota, on the rolling prairies of Kansas, in the far glens of Utah, and along the great future highway across the continent, where California beckons to her Eastern sisters and points them to the Wealth and Work which stretch beyond her and across the great Pacific and among the Isles of the Indian tropics. Not with the sword, but with the axe, does Man hew out his path to a higher and purer civilization; and the measure of his present attainment is his regard for the humble and untended but mighty and beneficent arts of Peace.

Can it be wondered, then, that I, a child of many generations of cotters and drudging delvers, should ponder and dream over THE ELEVATION OF LABOR to something like the dignity and esteem which its merits and its utility demand? What can be more natural than that I should ask whether this fair and stately structure of Society wherein we are so simply sheltered and shielded must always rest heavily on those by whom its foundations were laid and its walls erected? If a Peer may without reproach "stand by his Order," why may not a Peasant as well?

For still, to the earnest vision, the Condition of the Worker—even in this favored region—is a rugged and hard one. He is not respected by others; he too often does not respect himself.—Working in the main either because he must work or starve, or in order that he may be raised above the necessity of working, he does not accept Labor as a benignly appointed destiny, but as a vindictively-denounced penalty which he must endure as uncomplainingly and finish as speedily as possible. Happiness in the vulgar conception being compounded of idleness and the most unlimited gratification of the sensual appetites, and this happiness being the "end and aim" of every earthly effort, it is inevitable that the Worker should be regarded, alike by himself and by others, as one who has thus far failed, and who is therefore obnoxious to the stigma which the common mind ever affixes to the unsuccessful.—*Daily Tribune.*

REMARKABLE PROPHECY.

[Given at Ebreuseth, in Tyrol, on Christmas, 1847, by Margaret Stoffel. The whole to be fulfilled before the expiration of the year 1856.]

The year 1847 is nearly passed; a year in which many a fountain of tears was dried up, and many an unbelieving heart taught to look up to Him who turneth the hearts of men as the rivers of the earth. The barns have been filled, and the casks are full of sweet wine, and the heart of man rejoiceth; but repent, for the night cometh when no man can work.

In eastern Asia pestilence and epidemic disease will break out and sweep away many who have not even an expectation of their coming. Soon the cholera will rage in all Europe, and be more destructive than ever. The superstitious, in the impotency of their hearts, will lose all courage, and utter cries through fear of the world's approaching end; but the end is not yet.

A great revolution will break out in France. The king and his family will be driven out of the country, and a war will commence against the nobles and wealthy; their palaces will be burnt and their riches will be insufficient to protect them. There will arise a governing power of the working-classes; but after a short continuance it will disappear, and in the midst of a war with foreign powers. Then a conservative party will reach the summit of power, under whose direction France will again recover, but only after a bloody confusion. From thenceforth there will be no kings in France—but a certain prince will yet make another attempt to erect for himself a throne; he will, however, atone bitterly for his foolish undertaking, and lose his life thereby.

Belgium will unite itself with France, and in other respects will share the same fate with it.

Spain and Portugal will be rent and distracted by civil wars; one party will succeed another in government, and each one will act more violent than the preceding. There will remain no traces whatever either of law or order, and sorrow and mourning will prevail throughout the land. Then a man, gifted with such intellectual powers as are rarely bestowed upon one person, will come suddenly upon the arena, and give again that distracted people the blessings of peace. The names of Spain and Portugal will disappear, and the States, united under the name of the Pyrenean Republic, will become great and powerful on land and sea.

In Great Britain the distress of the working classes will increase continually, more and more. The raging European wars, causing all commerce to cease, will give a severe blow to English industry, and bring their multitude to the lowest depth of despair. Their rage will turn itself first against the manufacturing proprietors, whose establishments they will demolish and burn to the ground. Many thousand half-starved men will cross over from Ireland, to take part in the work of destruction. Through these commotions, Great Britain—the world mistress of commerce—will receive a shock from which she never will recover. Her great possessions in America and Asia she will lose, which will declare themselves independent; her navy will be annihilated in a great sea-fight, and after great vicissitudes, foreign wars and domestic revolutions, she will again become tranquil, but not more powerful than other nations. Royalty will be abolished, later however than in other European States.

Switzerland, in the midst of all these revolutions, will rejoice in undisturbed rest. She will increase powerfully under a new constitution, and after a slight political agitation, commerce and industry will develop themselves within her more than ever. And while all the States surrounding her will be in the mercy of political revolutions, she will be an asylum for all exiled refugees. Kings and princes will feel themselves happy to have found, in the bosom of the oldest Republic in the world, a place where they can enjoy the repose of sleep without fear and trembling.

A great revolution will break out in Italy. An unusual storm will pass over the land, before which the Austrians will disappear like chaff. Then the different States of Italy will unite themselves into one great nation, and Rome will become the capital of the Italian Republic. The worldly power of the Pope will be destroyed forever, and the really christian church will rise in influence and power. The Pope will be pensioned and none shall exist after him.

About the same time Greece will be greatly pressed by the Turks. Asiatic and African hordes will pour themselves over its borders, and murder and burning will mark their path. The king, des-

pairing of relief, will lay down his crown and leave the people to their fate. But another people, coming in ships from the west, will bring help to the Greeks, and cause them to triumph over the barbarous Turk. They will then drive the Ottomans back into Asia, after destroying the Turkish dominion in Europe, and make Constantinople their capital.

Germany will be the scene of the most fearful events. A destructive war will rage from one end of the land to the other. Nations living far in Asia will be called forth by a German monarch to assist him; and then a great slaughter will commence, in which neither women nor children, old nor young, will be spared. Other nations from the west and south will then raise up, and in a terrible battle on the banks of a large stream, vanquish the Asiatic hordes—only a few of whom will escape destruction. A city, like unto the once mighty Babylon, will be burnt to the ground; upon the place men will scatter salt. The thrones of the powerful will be broken, their crowns shivered and their purple rent in pieces. But after the thundering sounds of war and strife have died away, the sun of peace will shine once more, and all the nations of German tongue will be united under one Republican constitution, happier and more powerful than ever before.

Poland will also rise again, and its growth will be more formidable than that of any other nation. The Vistula, stained with the blood of Poland's oppressors, will flow many days towards the Baltic, and cast over its bank dead bodies sufficient to fatten all the ravens of the world.

Similar events will occur in Hungary, where the bondman will avenge himself terribly upon his oppressors. A person of humble birth will arise and cry aloud, saying: "We unto him who is against me, for I carry in my hands the sword of justice. Come unto me ye little ones, ye weak, and forsaken ones, for justice will be awarded you." And, upon this, great fear and trembling shall take place among the wealthy and powerful, the haughty and proud ones, and before the cock crows the third time, they will disappear and no one will be able to tell what has become of them.

The Kings of Denmark, Sweden and Norway will lay down their crowns voluntarily, and thus guard their lands against the storm which will visit the rest of Europe at that time. Three kindred nations will unite into one brotherhood, under the title of Scandinavian Republic, and aid in hastening the overthrow of the Russian Empire. For about this time, all nations will rise up against the Czar. Thousands upon thousands of combatants will advance towards the north, where the Czar will have brought together his Asiatic hordes, for the purpose of once more inundating Europe.

Upon a plain, from whose centre the eye can see no limit, these combatants will rush upon each other, and their bloody slaughter will continue for the space of eight days, when the nations of Europe will come off victorious. It will be the greatest battle that was ever fought, and also the last, for then the Kingdom of God will commence on the earth—but the Kingdom of God is the Kingdom of Love and Justice, and in the name of both of these virtues, all the Nations of the Earth will bind themselves to one brotherhood. Men will no more ask one another—Who art thou? and whence comest thou? but will love one another as brothers, and none will regard himself better than another nor wiser than his neighbor.

Many false apostles will at this time arise and disseminate doctrines that are an abomination to the Lord. Then a woman will arise who will preach the true religion, and all nations will be converted unto the doctrines of this new messenger of God, for she will proclaim the religion of love, liberty and justice, which alone may bring salvation, and through which also the kingdom of eternal felicity will be introduced.

The favor of heaven will again descend upon men. Years of plenty will succeed, and as love will reign among men, so will nature shower its bounties upon them. Great discoveries will be made in the department of mechanics, and a harvest will take place which has never been like it before. No hatred and misunderstanding will exist between sects and classes. Being united by love in one faith they will worship one God, who, out of goodness and mercy, will no more withdraw the light of his countenance from men.—*Our Budget, Sturgis, Mich.*

NATURE AND CONDITION OF SPIRITS.

Can we conceive of an entity without form and parts?—Can a Spirit be an *intelligent nothing*? Ethereal, refined, unrecognizable by our grosser senses though it may be, still it must be material. Having individual existence, it must have form; being finite, it must have locality; being intelligent, it must have feelings, and thoughts, and experiences, and memories. Certainly, we cannot otherwise conceive of an intelligent existence, such as man in the next world. That we cannot see or feel a Spirit is no evidence that it is not material. We cannot recognize electricity by the senses; yet its existence is demonstrated. Light is a form of matter less refined—it can be seen. Air, still less—it can be felt when in motion, and in the mass is faintly perceptible to the vision, Water, still less; and so on to the grossest forms. And who shall say that electricity is the most refined form of matter? Who knows the chemistry of the stars, or what fills the celestial spaces? For we cannot conceive of a perfect void in the universe.

Dr. Edward Hitchcock, in his admirable "Religion of Geology," pp. 399 and 400, speaks of a "luminiferous ether," whose existence he says is "all but demonstrated." "It is," says he, "that attenuated medium by which light, heat and electricity are transmitted from one part of the universe to another, by undulations of inconceivable velocity, and must exist wherever these substances are found, and where, he asks, do we not find them. In space; 'in every heated focus, such as the sun, the volcano, and the chemical furnace;'—'in ice,' 'in glass, and every transparent substance;'—'even in the most solid metals.' "In short," he adds, "it seems to be independent of mechanical changes, and to act unobstructed in all possible modifications of matter; and though too evanescent to be cognizable by the senses, or the best chemical tests, it possesses, nevertheless, a most astonishing activity."

Of this substance that eminently learned and religious man conceives that the Spiritual body may be composed. Be it as it may, the demonstrated existence of electricity, and the "all but demonstrated" existence of the "luminiferous ether," may lead the inquirer on the right track, and help him to discard the old dogma of the immateriality of Spirit—a dogma which is absurd in the highest degree; fit only to be received, in these days, by unreasoning minds. Nor could it have received the assent of an enlightened age so long, if men generally were accustomed to think or care much about Spiritual things. Even the majority of those who belong to churches, and make a "profession of religion," have given very little thought to this sub-

ject. Indeed, doctrinal points, so called, are usually distasteful to religious persons, and most of those who really have the most religious sincerity. The reason is obvious: the doctrines are not clearly true. The best men differ about them—as they may.

Turn to Scripture. Does not Scripture teach the popular notion? Paul teaches that the dead will have new bodies in the resurrection, "fashioned like unto Christ's glorious body." "Then, has a body, and his followers are to have bodies like his. Just as surely as the seed sown the earth—to which Paul compares the "natural body," from which issues the "Spiritual body," takes a form when it is quickened by the reproductive forces of nature, will man take a form when he is quickened with the new life.

Assuming, then, that man is essentially immortal—not dependent for immortality on a specific gift—and we may now inquire, what is his condition in the Spirit life? Is it not that which makes it while in the initiatory state? Must not necessarily the Spiritually and intellectually low; undeveloped enter upon the next existence in undeveloped condition? And on the contrary, must not those who are highly unfolded enter the other life with all the treasures of soul have amassed here? Else, where is the individuality? and where is the virtue and the vice? what is the accountability? where is the Spirit itself, not any other view absurd? If man goes into Spirit life without the memory of this, what is the significance of rewards and punishments? if the memory of this life does remain with him, also must the quality of mind remain: if the individual exists, his faculties and affections cannot be lost.

QUAKERISM ALMOST EXTINGUISHED.—The "Protestant Churchman" thinks that Quakerism is rapidly declining, and that not many years will elapse before it will cease to be distinguished as a sect among Christians. It repeats the story of there being a Boston church without a single worshipper. "A solitary member," it says, "was in the hall, frequenting this house for some years after the following Quaker was called dead." "Alone and there he sat," until he too was called home; now there is a church without a single member, a writer in the Christian Enquirer says: "It is a curious fact, that two or three other towns or cities the South have also had congregations of Friends who have dwindled away to a single solitary worshipper. In Charleston, S. C., an instance of the same kind existed in 1836, and for some time. For many years there were two individuals who sat out their silent service there, twice on Friday, and once on Fifth Day. They were not called by name, but originally personal friends, yet, from some cause, in the course of time, they became estranged from each other, and no longer spoke together, or shook hands at the close of worship as formerly. Eventually one of them died, and the last survivor went constantly, (see Life, Hopper, pp. 819-821,) and we were about to go alone, to his place of worship; but his dog was with him." The progressive vitality of Quakerism is quite extinct, and little, if any thing, now remains except the scaffolding.—*Saturday Dispatch.*

THOUGHTS FOR THE THOUGHTFUL.—When I reflect as I frequently do, upon the felicity I have enjoyed, I sometimes say to myself, that, were the other man true, I would engage to run again, from beginning to end, the same career of life. All I would ask should be the privilege of an author, to correct, a second edition, certain errors of the first. *Franklin's Life.*

From the earliest dawnings of policy to this, the invention of men has been sharpening and proving the mystery of murder, from the first essay of clubs and stones, to the present perfection of gunnery, cannoning, bombarding, mining, &c.

Next to clothes being fine, they should be made, and worn easily; for a man is only the gentler for a fine coat, if in wearing it he should regard for it, and is not as easy in it as if it were plain one.—*Chatterbox.*

While we are reasoning concerning life, it goes; and death, though perhaps they receive differently, yet treats alike the fool and the philosopher.—*Lane.*

Those beings only are fit for solitude, who nobody, are like nobody, and are liked by nobody.—*Zimmerman.*

THE BEARD IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.—Now let start out upon a walk, clothed in well fastened Arctic costume. The thermometer is, say 20° below zero, not lower, and the wind blowing a fresh breeze, but gently. Close the lips for the minute or two, admit the air suspiciously through nostril and mouth, presently you breathe a cold, pungent, but agreeable and agreeable atmosphere. The beard, eyebrows, eyelashes, and the pubescence of the ears acquire a delicate, soft, and perfectly enveloping cover of